

And we shall make full satisfaction,
Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuitie,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Natiuitie.
Duke. With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.

*Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and
two Brothers.*

S.Dro. Maist, shall I fetch your stufte from shipbord?
E. An. Dromio, what stufte of mine hast thou imbarke?
S.Dro. Your goods that lay at host sir in the Centaur.
S. Ant. Helpeakes to me, I am your master *Dromio.*

Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him. *Exit*

S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchen'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife,

E.D. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their gossiping?

S.Dro. Not I sir, you are my elder.

E.Dro. That's a question, how shall we trie it.

S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
lead thou first.

E.Dro. Nay then thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.



Much adoe about No

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Gouvernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Niece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

Learne in this Letter, that Don Peter of Arragon, comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen haue you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the achieuer brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don Peter hath bestowed much honor on a yong Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deseru'd on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better betred expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vnckle heere in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I haue already deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen so much, that ioy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bitterness.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

Leo. A kinde ouerflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Niece?

Hero. My cousin meanes Signior Benedicke of Padua.

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

Bea. He set vp his bills here in Messina, & challeng'd Cupid at the flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath hee kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Niece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'l be mee with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good seruice Lady in these wars.

Bea. You had musty victuall, and hee hath holpe to ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent stomacke.

Mess. And a good one.

Bea. And a good one.

to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to

all honourable vertue

Bea. It is so indee

but for the stuffing w

Leon. You must n

a kind of merry war

they neuer meet, but

them.

Bea. Alas, he ge

sist, foure of his fue

the whole man gow

wit enough to keepe

for a difference betw

is all the wealch that

noble creature. Wh

euery month a new f

Mess. I st possible

Bea. Very easily

the fashion of his hat

Mess. I see (Lad

books.

Bea. No, and he w

I pray you, who is hi

quarer now, that w

diuell?

Mess. He is most

Claudio.

Bea. O Lord, he

he is sooner caught

runs presently mad.

haue caught the Ben

pound ere he be cur'd

Mess. I will hold f

Bea. Do good frie

Leo. You'l ne're ru

Bea. No, not till a

Mess. Don Pedro is

Enter don Pedro,

and

Pedro. Good Sign

your trouble: the fal

and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came

of your Grace: for t

remain: but when y

and happinesse takes